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THE VIGILANTE

A MONTHLY PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

"N FRANCISCO STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

JANUARY 1924

"WE COME IN SEARCH OF TRUTH" VOL.2. NO.1

CORNERSTONE TO BE LAID

Sometime between February 20 to 29 the cornerstone for the new gymnasium will be laid. Plans are being made for an appropriate ceremony.

NEW STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

One of the outstanding events of the last week of school before the Christmas holidays was the election of new officers for the Student Body. The results were as follows: Dorothy Prentice was elected President, and Margaret Cavanaugh Vice-President. For Treasurer Marion Pechart was elected, and for Secretary, Antoinette Davini. Eleanore Ginno is the new Yell Leader, and Iris Young the President of the W.A.A. Irene Resler was elected Associate Editor of the "Vigilante", and Dorothy Schaeffer the Associate Business Manager.

The new officers were installed Thursday, December 20, by the outgoing officers. Since this means of installing the officers proved a great success, it is hoped that it will establish a precedent.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club has been organized for the term and promises to be a great success. It will furnish many interesting programs during the semester. The club meets every Tuesday afternoon in Room 1 from four to five o'clock. New members are always welcome.

W.A.A. NEWS

The new officers of the W.A.A. are: President, Iris Young; Vice-President, Ted Ginno; Recording Secretary, Pat Pardee; and Secretary-Treasurer, Carol Chapman. At the meeting of the W.A.A. on January 22 a new constitution was adopted.

DRAMATIC CLUB ORGANIZED

A Dramatic Club for S.F.S.T.C! You've wanted one all along, girls, and here it is. Dot Prentice, our worthy president, decided we couldn't do without one any longer, and appointed Florence Wiggins to get the names of all girls interested in joining. Two hundred signed up in record-breaking time; only twenty appeared at the first meeting. However, the twenty were declared charter members, and proceeded to elect their officers. They are: President, Florence Wiggins; Vice-President, Mary Jane Garrison; Treasurer, Alice Armstrong; Secretary, Aileen Corrida; Publicity Agent, Alberta Rennie. The secretary is also chairman of a Board of Directors, which is made up of the following girls: B. Widmer, M. Loftus, and B. O'Hagen. This Board, together with the Student Body President and the officers of the club, will pass judgment on all plays, tryouts, and membership applications.

The Dramatic Club aims to present, from time to time, to the Student Body the best of the modern plays, and also plays written by students. Watch posters for our first production!

DRAMATIC CLUB MEETING

At the second meeting of the Dramatic Club on Wednesday, January 23, the first plays to be presented to the Student Body were decided upon. They are "Sir David Wears a Crown" (which is a sequel to "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil"), and "Tickless Time", a pme-act comedy. Tryouts for the several parts were held and the casts selected. We expect big things from the Dramatic Club.

VALENTINE PARTY

The Student Body will give a big Valentine Party February 14 to welcome the class of February '24. The Dramatic Club will present two plays, and there will be dancing and refreshments. A good time is promised everyone. Don't miss it!

A WORD FROM OUR PRESIDENT

With your cooperation we hope to make this term a very successful one. Because Guild practice starts very soon, the Student Body rallies will be few; but this term there are any number of activities to take their place. We have successfully, so far, organized a Dramatic Club, and I am sure the club's productions will more than take the place of the rallies. The beginning of this term has been very promising. Miss Crumpton's conferences have been especially helpful, and we have already accomplished a number of things. I hope every one will turn out for our big Valentine Party on February 14. Give us your enthusiasm and support and we will make this term one to be remembered.

Dorothy Prentice.

HELPFUL CONFERENCES HELD

Every Wednesday at twelve o'clock, Miss Crumpton holds a conference in the auditorium for all unassigned girls. Vital subjects concerning the welfare of the college are discussed, everyone taking part. If you want to know how you can help your school in a very real way, be sure to come to these conferences.

NEW GIRLS TO ENTER FEB. 4

On February 4, new girls will enter S.F.T.C. From the moment they step through the door, we want them to feel the atmosphere that prevades this college. First of all, we want them to find that they are among friends, who are never too busy to help them in any way possible. Then they must be properly introduced to this rambling building of ours-- shown every nook and corner, and made to feel at home. Soog they will be studying, teaching, joining in Student Body affairs--one with us! Of course it is very essential that the grasp the ideals of the college. They will come at an opportune time for Guild is very near. All we can do is to let them know, somehow, that they are entering a field that is very big and real and beautiful. And leave the rest to Guild!

COOPERATE!!!



Ladies in Leisure

ABOUT THE "PEWS"

It must be admitted, in the first place, that the "Pews" are very inviting. They fairly cry to be sat upon for a friendly chat. Even our mascot can't seem to resist them, but is often seen curled there in purry content. And as Mrs. McKay once said--"Bless your heart, what are benches for?" But even so, it does not give visitors a fair impression of the college to see the "Pews" crowded with girls. And besides, it disturbs those who are trying to study in the library.

What is to be done? You must have a place to meet and talk with your friends; for friendships are a very essential part of school life. The problem is to find meeting places other than the "Pews". It has been suggested that the Rest Room, Drawing Room, and Committee Room be used in place of the "Pews". Are you willing, girls? Remember, it is for the good of the college.

CLASS ELECTIONS

During the first week of the new semester the following officers were elected by the various classes: August '22 elected Muriel Roberts President, Stilda Dorfell Secretary, and Dena Robinson Yell Leader. January '23 elected Hazel Wadsworth President, Enez Schaertzer Vice President, Edith Behrens Secretary, and Vera Houghton Treasurer. The class of August '23 chose for President Ethel Bryant, for Secretary Mary Jane Garrison, and for Yell Leader Yolanda Yetter.

JAN. '23 GIVES PARTY

The class of January '23 gave a party at the Sienna Club Thursday night, January 10. An enjoyable time was spent in playing games and in dancing. During the dinner the election of new officers was held, Florence Wiggins presiding. At the close of the evening all who attended the party declared it a huge success. Who says January '23 is asleep?

STUDENT BODY MEETING

A Student Body Meeting, consisting of Student Body officers and the various class presidents, was held January 22. The committee elected Miss Holman as faculty advisor. It then considered amending the method of voting, and decided to bring the point up at the next meeting.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Tickets are on sale for the Symphony Concerts to be given in the Civic Auditorium on February 4, February 28, and March 12. Every girl should avail herself of this wonderful opportunity to hear the best music at so reasonable a price. Make up your parties and hand in the names to Mrs. McCauley. But hurry, as there are not many tickets left!

FACULTY NOTES

On December 22 Miss Dorothy Bernard was married to Mr. Wallace Craig, chemical engineer of the Union Oil Company. Both being Stanford graduates, they were married in the Stanford Chapel. Their home is in Oakland. We wish Mrs. Craig every happiness.

Everyone will be sorry to learn that Dr. Richards will not be with us again, as she is opening offices in the city as a consulting psychologist. Owing to business complications resulting from the change, she has been forced to postpone her trip to New York.

Several of the faculty members are on their vacations and two are many miles away. Miss McFadden is in Chicago, while Miss Whitehead is in little ol' New York. Miss Casebolt is also on her vacation but she visits S.F.S.T.C. quite frequently. Mr. Boulware is away and his arithmetic classes are steering for themselves.

Mr. Anderson took part in the Commonwealth Club's "Mysteries" and proved to be quite an actor. We hope his success along this line will not make him leave us for the stage.

The whole school feels the deepest sympathy for Miss Talbert and Mrs. McCauley in their sorrow.

Everyone was shocked to learn, a few days ago, that Miss England was knocked down by a motorist, and as a result has a broken leg. She is at the Alta Bates Hospital. We will all miss her terribly.

In S.F.S.T.C. there are many "who care" about the poor of the city. A number of the faculty are working for the Community Chest. They are: Miss Alderson, Miss Anderson, Miss Hale, Miss Levy, Mrs. Spozio, Miss Thompson, and Miss Vance. Mrs. Monroe has charge of all contributions to the Community Chest in this college.

PERSONALS

We hear that Evelyn Jensen is engaged.

Edna Gunzberger, and Esther Aase have been absent from illness. We are glad to hear they are recovering.

THE VIGILANTE STAFF

Editor-in-chief---Kate Mercado
 Associate Editor---Irene Resler
 Business Manager-Annette Shraft
 Associate Bus.Mgr.--D.Schaeffer
 Literary-----Ada Aeblie
 Aileen Corridan
 Athletics-----Dorothy Taggart
 Iris Young
 Cooks-----Hazel Wadsworth
 Art-----Germain Pouydesseau
 Bernice McCrystle
 Virginia Wilson
 Faculty Advisor-----Mrs. Myers
 CONTRIBUTORS

Edith Behrens Dorothy Prentice
 . Davini Emily Roberson
 da Hill Opal Sizemore
 da Loughlin Annie Ziehn

TYPING
 Irene M. Resler

RUMOR

Long ago, when all the
 witches died on earth, a few
 escaped. One of them, an ugly
 creature, has been discovered
 lurking about this college.
 Her name is Rumor. She loves
 to whisper things that set peo-
 ple to guessing and wondering
 and worrying. She loves to tell
 of things that have never hap-
 pened and never will happen,
 and especially to twist the
 truth until it cannot be rec-
 ognized. And once she begins
 her rounds, it is hard to tell
 where she will stop.

There is an angel who can
 conquer her; his name is Un-
 derstanding. He shows people
 what things are being done and
 explains the reasons why. He
 reveals the truth to everyone.
 He has a gentle sister, whose
 name is Confidence. Is Rumor
 to molest this college? Or is
 Understanding to be allowed to
 banish the witch forever?

YOUR PAPER

With this issue the "Vig-
 ilante" begins its second year.
 The spirit of those girls who
 launched the paper and set its

ENGLISH ELECTIVE

Have you chosen English as your
 elective? Those who have will be in-
 terested to know that the require-
 ments have been definitely decided
 upon by the faculty. The first and
 most important requirement of appli-
 cants is a genuine enjoyment and ap-
 preciation of good literature, es-
 tablished by the reading habit. Non-
 without this quality will be allowed
 to enter the field. Completion of
 all essential English courses, in ad-
 dition to one hundred and eight hours
 of work in literature, is also re-
 quired. At present there is no teach-
 ing to be done, but special work in
 dramatics, conference assisting, and
 work on the "Vigilante" is possible
 to those who are really interested.
 The English department strongly re-
 commends consistent work on the col-
 lege paper to those who have chosen
 this elective. All applicants must
 hand in a written request, stating
 reasons for their choice, to Mrs.
 Myers.

PICTURES WANTED

Here is a chance to help "the
 other fellow". Pictures of certain
 well-known writers are desired by
 the members of the Literature IX
 class of last section to complete a
 very valuable scrap book. The list
 of the authors' names is posted on
 Mrs. Myer's bulletin board. Look in
 your old magazines, clip the desired
 pictures, and send them in to Mrs.
 Myer's office.

standards is well worthy of praise.
 It is now up to us to carry on the
 good work.

The "Vigilante" is your paper.
 It is just as big and fine as you
 want to make it. The staff cannot do
 all the work. Everyone must contrib-
 ute if the "Vigilante" is to grow
 and to become a vital part of the
 college.

It does not take literary tal-
 ent to write for the paper. Anyone
 can hand in news and opinions. We
 need your ideas, your suggestions,
your support. Everyone contribute!

WORK GIVES US THESE

Work gives us these--
 The eyes to see the beauty of
 our task;
 The power to seek and draw near
 to our dream;
 The hope to get from earth all
 that we ask;
 The strength to bear each trou-
 ble tho it seem
 The load is great.

Work gives us these--
 The comradeship of those who
 strive
 For that ideal toward which our
 heart is set;
 The bravery to keep our hope
 alive
 When darkness and discour-
 age-
 ment are met
 On every side.

Work gives us these--
 The right to rest; to find our
 peace
 In seeing nature's work in skies
 and hills,
 In misty surf and sunshine thru
 the trees;
 And eagerness with early dawn
 to rise
 Again to work! (Ada Lebli)

MINUTES TO SPARE

Don't hurry thru school with a
 frown on your face,
 With never a minute to spare;
 For a word and a smile are al-
 ways worth while--
 Make things pleasant by doing
 your share.

There are others with lessons as
 hard as your own,
 Heads aching and weary with pain;
 Who are waiting to hear just a
 word of good cheer--
 Will you let them be waiting in
 vain?

There is sunshine for us in this
 school of our choice,
 But we'll have to go after our
 share;
 We'll miss it of course if we're
 hurried or cross,
 With never a minute to spare.

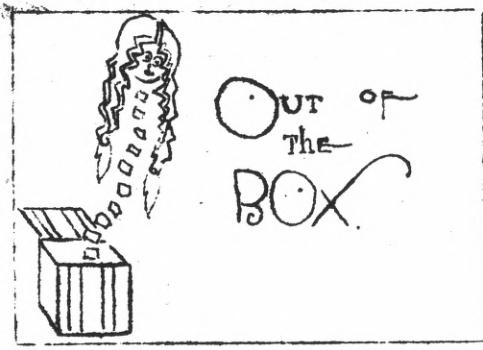
TINKER BELL'S MESSAGE

There once was a boy,
 An imaginative boy,
 Who went to school--
 Grown-ups insisted--
 And the teacher kept saying,
 "Pay attention, Paul!"
 Which was rather stupid
 As that was exactly
 What the boy was doing--
 Paying attention
 To the things that went on
 In the Neverland,
 And obeying his captain
 Peter Pan, the inimitable.
 And just as something
 Terribly exciting
 Was taking place,
 The teacher would say,
 "Pay attention, Paul!"
 Everything, of course,
 Would then be spoilt,
 And that seemed to be
 What the teacher wanted.
 To put it in a nutshell,
 The boy soon grew
 To pay attention,
 In a dull sort of way,
 To the stupid things
 That went on in the schoolroom.
 He seldom visited
 The Neverland,
 And forgot all about
 Peter Pan, his captain.
 And I'm telling you this
 Not because it's wrong--
 More wrong than you know--
 But because there's an idea
 Somewhere afloat
 That the dull schoolroom
 Can be transformed
 Into a Neverland,
 And that the teacher
 Can herself obey
 The great Peter Pan.
 I think that is really
 A capital idea--
 You're improving, grown-ups!

(Signed) Tinker Bell

So come, fellow teachers, be
 cheerful and bright,
 With sunshine and pleasure abound;
 Don't lock up your store, you'll
 enjoy it much more
 If you scatter a little around!

O.L.S.



WITH APOLOGIES TO POE

In a dark, mysterious hallway, lighted only by a pale, weird glow, near huge white tablets bearing unintelligible human scratchings, hangs--I say--a poor, forgotten thing with a steel nail through its head. Its hungry mouth is gaping wide; but of all the many beings who hurry past on unknown missions or pore over the strange scratchings on the tablets, there is none to offer substance to the starved thing on the wall.

"Why does no one heed thee?" I asked hoarsely, drawing near. "That is it that thou cravest? Tell me!"

The neglected thing trembled, until the steel nail rattled, in its head. Then the gaping mouth spoke, and its voice was dull and hollow. "I crave IDEAS!" And to the farthest end of the hall resounded "ideas!" The gaping mouth moved again. "I am denied them because there is no SPIRIT!" "Spirit!" echoed my fevered brain.

Then a cold, damp wind swept by me. I closed my eyes, and shuddered. When I opened them what was my horror to see across the forehead of the thing that had uttered those awful words, a name! I leaned forward and read, "THE VIGILANTE BOX". Then I fainted.

BETWARE OF BOB

Who is this strange young man, Bob, whom all the girls are falling for?

A COMMUTER'S LIFE

Although only those who have passed through the marvelous experience of being a commuter can ever appreciate the life, one of them now attempts to reveal some of the trials and tribulations of the Ferry Sisters of the S.F.S.T.C..

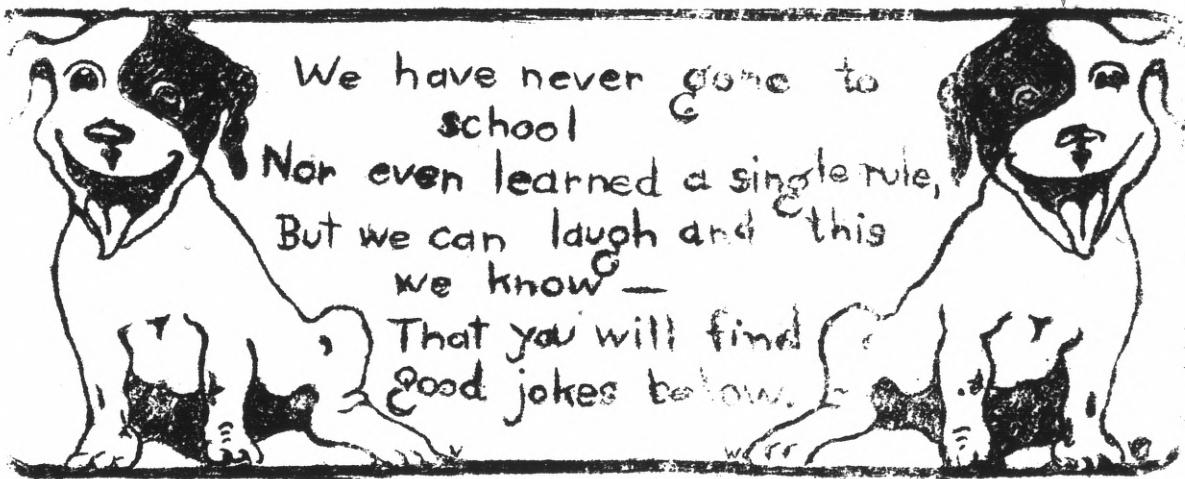
In the wee, small hours of every week-day morn, commuters of all kinds and descriptions peer forth from their respective homes to see if the rest of the clan has ventured out yet. As soon as a familiar form appears in the horizon, doors begin to open and slam and sleepy-looking individuals come running. Some are putting on overcoats and hats; while others are trying to tie shoe laces while hopping along on one foot. If a specific friend is seen ahead, the one behind yells to her; the friend turns around and waves wildly to hurry up all the while running backward until she bumps into someone or something. This delay is opportunity for her friend, for she can now catch up.

At last the despairing friends reach the station. Not a train in sight. What can be the matter? Ah! Minutes pass, while anxious brows become more wrinkled than ever. At last the train wanders into view. Everyone clammers on board and tries to find places for friends. Now begins the studying from shaking book and the writing with wobbling hands.

When the boat is reached, cut friends make for the (in winter) freezing front end of the boat--for they have to be the first ones off to get to school in time. After the boat docks in S.F., there is a grand rush for a Market Street car. On the car every time a stop is made, agonized looks are cast at the conductor--as if he could speed the car through town just for their benefit.

No need to tell the sighs of relief when Buchanan is reached by the laggards of our school, who dislike exceedingly to get up twenty minutes earlier in order to miss all this hustling and bustling (which really they enjoy!).

A.Z.

HABIT

Last night I dreamt I died,
 And stood at Heaven's gate;
 They led me to an office
 To learn about my fate.

I stood before an angel
 Who read from out a book
 Therein were earthly records--
 Oh how I longed to look!

And it was only habit
 That made me feebly say
 Unto the shining angel,
 "Please, Sir, am I O.K.?"

For hours they had been together on her front porch. The moon cast its tender gleam down on the young and handsome couple who sat strangely apart. He sighed. She sighed. Finally:

"I wish I had money, dear", he said. "I'll travel".

Impulsively she slipped her hand into his; then rising, she sped into the house.

Aghast he looked at his hand. In his palm lay a nickel.

Young Teacher: "Now children, watch the board while I go through it."

Sign in a small bakery: "Please do not touch the bread as it is not sanitary".

COULD YOU?

Dr. Repens deplores the fact that the present generation have not "learned their Alice". He put us all to shame, not long ago, by quoting offhand part of the following:

JABBERWOCKY
 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
 All mimsy were the borogoves,
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

Beware the Jabberwock my son!
 The jaws that bite, the claws that

catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
 The frumious Bandersnatch!

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
 Long time the manxome foe he sought--
 So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
 And stood awhile in thought.

And while in uffish thought he stood,
 The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
 Came whiffling thru the tulgey wood,
 And burbled as it came!

One, two! One two! And thru and thru
 The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
 He left it dead, and with its head
 He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
 Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
 O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
 He chortled in his joy.